A Plucky Woman's Captur Grizzly.

On my arrival at Durango, Col., the first man I met whom I knew was my old friend Capt. Ned Richmond, dressed in fringed buckskin from top to toe. Ned had been hunting large game for a living for the last twenty years, and no one knows the haunts of bear, mountain lion, elk, moose and deer

better than he. After our first greeting was over Ned remarked: "I am glad you came in at this particular time, as I have a large bear located about eighteen miles north of here, and I have set two traps for him at springs where there are fresh signs of his watering, I think the chances are good for finding him in one of the traps in the morning, and if you will go out with me early and take your camera with you I think I can safely promise you a real, live bear to

Now, of all the things I have most desired one was the opportunity to photo-graph a live bear in its native element, and I eagerly accepted Ned's invitation to accompany him to his camp in the morning. Agreeable to his promise, the giant rode up to theshotel at an early hour, leading an extra pony for me to ride. I was soon in the saddle with my camera and Winchester safely strapped on. We were joined by Ned's wife, who has accompanied him on many a bear hunt and is an unerring rifle shot, as will be proven further on.

We arrived at Ned's camp about noon, and after a light lunch mounted our ponies and rode up the mountain side through thickets of oak bush to where the traps were set. The first we visited had not been molested and we changed our course to visit the other. We had gone but a short distance when "Old Spot," the hound, gave tongue, followed closely by the sharp, quick yelps of his side partner "Chub," the

shepherdodog.

Ned turned to his wife and said: "Nell, you had better stay here for an hour, and if we don't come back in that time you had best ride to camp." Turning to me said: "Those dogs have jumped a bear and we must follow them quick; come on," at the same time turning his horse and riding like mad through the quaking aspen timber and up the steep, mountain side. I followed closely until Ned came to a halt and dismounted, saying: "We will have to leave the horses and follow on foot; the ponies can't climb this mountain as fast as we can."

With rifle in hand we followed the dogs, which had turned to the right and taken up a "draw" leading to the top of the mountain, which in places appeared to be almost perpendicular. To the right of the draw was a cliff of rocks, beneath which was a "rock slide," caused by the breaking off of the cliff, which had slid down the mountain side with such force that it swept everything with it to the bottom, leaving a broad path devoid of tree or bush its entire length.

Ned soon left me far in the rear, as he was used to climbing the mountains, and his light, muscular body had no superfluous flesh, while my two hundred pounds of avordupois taxed my unhardened muscles too severely to keep up. He was fifty yards in advance, when I saw him suddenly stop, raise his rifle to his shoulder, and fire. Glancing quickly in the direction his gun was pointed I saw far up on the top of the eliff above the rock slide a large bear, running toward the heavy pine timber beyond. As soon as the report of Ned's rifle rang out the bear fell and rolled off the cliff and came tumbling down the steep rock slide to the bottom, where he was bidden from view, having fallen some distance below and to our right.

Ned rushed down to where I was. crying as he came: "The bear is not killed, it is only wounded; and, my God, he is going straight to where Nell is waiting for us. We must get more lead into him before he gets there."

He dashed down to mountain side

at a furious rate, I following as rapidly as possible, but not being so well used to that kind of exercise it was impossible for me to keep pace with the nimble, muscular hunter, who was putting forth every effort in his power to overtake the wounded bear, or head him off before he should reach the Little Vega, where Nell was waiting, unconscious of the danger so fearfully near.

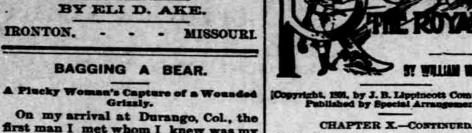
A wounded bear is a vicious brute and has been known to kill the unfortunate hunter after receiving a death wound. Stories of wounded bears killing the hunter came vividly to my mind and I redoubled my exertions to follow Ned and render such assistance as I might be able to do, when there came the sharp report of a rifle directly ahead of us. We knew it was Nell's rifle, and the blood seemed to stop coursing through my veins as we rushed through the quaking aspen thicket into the Little Vega. Fully expecting to see a ghastly sight, which my overwrought imagination had pictured, I came up a-trembling, but instead there stood Nell leaning upon the muzze of her rifle and beside her lay the dead body of the bear, pierced through the brain by her bullet. Nell explained that as soon as she heard Ned's rifle she saw the bear tumble down the rock, slide directly toward where she was standing, and thinking perhaps he was not killed she made ready to give him a warm reception. As soon as the bear reached the bottom he gathered himself up in a bewildered sort of a way not more than twenty paces from where she stood and in plain view. The plucky woman raised her rifle, taking a quick but socurate aim at his head, and pulled the trigger, sending the leaden messenger crashing through the brain, and caus-ing instant death. While skinning the bear we found that Ned's bullet had entered and passed through the neck just forward of the fore shoulders-a serious but not fatal wound. We returned to camp that night feeling thankful that no accident had hap-

At the End of the String. School-Teacher - Tommy Wilkins, Tommy W .- Anything that plays loosely at the end of a string.

Teacher—Correct. Now give me

sentence using the word in that sense.

Tommy W.—My sister Nellie has a been named Bola.—Judge.



CHAPTER X .- CONTINUED. "Anyhow, the people out there talk Arabic-at least a good many of them do. They are Mohammedans, and Arabic is the language of the Koran."

"And the French of the east." "Of course, it is. Everybody knows that: and, as I said just now, you will be immensely useful. I suppose you would like to join the expedition?" "There is nothing I should like bet-

"Well, I will speak to the board, and you shall hear from me in a few days. Make good use of your run ashore—I don't think it will be long-and remember me kindly to your father. Good

Whereupon I bowed myself out, great ly elated with my good fortune, and feeling that I had once more fallen on my feet. My involuntary voyage in the Mercia had not been lost time, after all. I only hoped that it would not occur to the under secretary to have my supposed proficiency in Arabic put to the



MY KNOCK WAS ANSWERED.

test, for I had learned from Dr. Joyce the merest smattering of the language, and half of that I had forgotten. But, in order to be prepared for all contingencies, I called at a bookseller's and ordered an Arabic grammar, to the study of which I resolved to give my nights and days until my next visit to the admiralty.

This done, I took a hackney coach and went to see Mme. and Mile. de Gex at their lodgings in Fleur-de-Lys court, Fetter lane.

I felt it as a relief that I should not have to impart to the poor ladies the intelligence of their kinsman's death. They had doubtless heard of it soon after its occurrence, and by this time, I hoped, were reconciled to their bereavement. It was not, however, likely that they had heard of me. But the poor chevalier's letter, which I had carefully preserved, would serve as an introduction, and, as I trusted, prove a passport to their favor.

My knock was answered by a disheveled maid with a dirty face, to whom I handed my card with a request that she would present it to Mme. de Gex and say that I waited her pleas-

The maid tossed the hair from her eyes, gave me a good stare, rubbed her nose with the back of her hand, and then, muttering: "Wait a minute," ran

Returning presently, she said it was "all right," and took me to a room on the second floor, the door of which she opened, then sheered off without another word.

The room, though scantily furnished, looked much better than the general appearance of the house had led me to expect. There were flowers on the window-sill, and books on the table, and the curtains were pretty and disposed with taste. I found myself in the presence of two ladies, one of whom seemed to have been working at an embroidery-frame, the other painting. Both as I went forward rose from their

"Mr. Roy," said the elder lady, looking at my eard. "Is it possible that you are the English gentleman who so nobly tried to save my dear son, and stood by him to the last?"

"I did my best, madame, but, as you have no doubt heard, I failed in my endeavor. He refused to accept his life at the price of what he deemed dishonor, and died like a soldier and a gentle-

"And, I trust, as a Christian." "Also as a Christian, madame. And he charged me to give you this letter. I am sorry that it has been so long delayed, but the fault is not mine." "A letter? Oh, Antoinette, he brings

a letter from Henri! We thank you, sir, and might we-will you excuse us if we ask you to wait a little moment while we read my poor son's last letter?" I bowed, Mme. de Gex invited me to be seated, and then the two women,



letter together silently and with many

carriage, with white hair and a sad yet | modesty, dignity and reserve—which noble and benign face. But how shall I describe Antoinette? Like her mother | beit, she was always kind, I could not as unlike her in features. Mme. de Gex had been a bru- any other light than that of an honored nette; Antoinette was a blonde, with friend. an oval face and features as clearly cut as those of a Greek statue. Her cheeks, though somewhat faded by London air and continual work, had not lost their peach-like bloom; her eyes were large, brown, and faithful; her shapely head was adorned with thick masses of chestnut hair. And the witchery of her smile, the sweetness of her voice, and

the charm of her manner cannot be told; words are inadequate to describe

Taking her all in all, Antoinette De Gex was the most fascinating young woman I had ever seen. Before I had been in the room five minutes I was over head and ears in love with her. It was not the first time I had fallen in love at first sight. But this time it was serious. I had met my fate.

"My son speaks very highly of you, Mr. Roy," said Mme. de Gex, in a voice broken with emotion, when she had finished the letter. "He says that if you had been his own brother you could not have shown more loyalty and devotion. His mother thanks you-thanks you with all her heart."

"And his sister, she too thanks you with all her heart, Mr. Roy," murmured Antoinette, looking at me with her glorious eyes bright with tears.

"He was a man of noble nature, mademoiselle; he would have done as much for me."

"I am sure he would; he was the best and kindest of brothers; and it cuts me to the heart to think that it was for our sakes that he risked and lost his life. But we did not want him to go; did we, mother?"

"Indeed we did not ma fille cherie. But he could not bear to see us straitened, and so went to Gex to recover that treasure you know of much against my wish. You see, we have done without it, and shall, I fear, have to do without it to the end."

"No, madame," I said, "you will not have to do without it to the end. I have made up my mind to recover that treasure for you, and I shall."

"For heaven's sake, Mr. Roy, don't think of anything so reckless and impossible. Surely one victim is enough. It would be a folly, a madness. Besides, how could you, an officer of the British navy, go to France?"

"You need be under no apprehension, madame. I mean to succeed; therefore I shall do nothing reckless. And being, as you observe, an officer in the British navy, I shall have to defer the attempt until the conclusion of the war. And that cannot be long. The French are losing all their conquests. Nelson has destroyed their fleet, the tricolor has been well-nigh swept from the seas, and Bonaparte, the only man who could save the republic, is in Egypt, without the means of getting away. A few more reverses, and the directory must fall, and then the king will have his own again."

"I am glad to see you are a royalist, Mr. Roy," said Antoinette, smiling approval.

"How could a man of my name be aught else, mademoiselle? The Roys have been royalists for ages; and my experience in France has not predisposed me in favor of republies."

This allusion led the conversation to Henri De Gex, and I had to tell and retell all that had befallen him and me during our too brief intercourse; for, though his mother and sister had, as I surmised, heard of his death and that an English fellow-prisoner had made a strenuous effort to save his life, they had still much to learn.

And, being quite willing to stay as long as 1 might, I answered all these questions con amore, and, when they had no more to ask, gave an account,



on a hint from Antoinette, of my adventures, for the most part in great detail, taking care, however, to say no more about Julie Carmine than was absolutely necessary, and of course nothing whatever about Minnie and Dora. Antoinette made coffee for me, French fashion, and the conversation lasted the greater part of the afternoon. In the course of it I learned incidentally that, albeit they were not making a fortune, their circumstances were improving. Mademoiselle had several pupils; she occasionally sold a picture; and madame was able to dispose of so much of her embroidery as brought in a few shillings a week.

Before going away I mentioned that and make their acquaintance; and Mme. my attention to her son, invited me to call again soon.

I promised that I would, and on the day but one following I took my mother to see them; on the next day I called on my own account; and on the Sunday the two ladies, on my mother's invitation, came to our house at Pimlico, when, as a matter of course, I saw them back to their lodgings.

Equally of course, I called on the Tuesday to ask after their health, and one way and another I managed to see Antoinette about every second day, pretending that I had a customer for one of her pictures. I took it home and hung it up in my room, and then, pretending that I had obtained an advance on her price, gave her twice as much as

This business involved at least four visits to the Fleur-de-Lys court, and as many interviews with Antoinette. Unfortunately, however, Mme. de Gex was always present on these occasions, probably because she did not think it comme il faut for her jeune fille of a daughter to be left alone with a man of my age. Yet even though she had acted differently I doubt whether I should have found Antoinette as complaisant as Minnie and Dorg. To tell the truth there was a nameless something in her manner-a combination of made me rather afraid of her, and, alflatter myself that she re

This had gone on for nearly a month, and I was more in love than ever, when one morning I received a note from the under secretary requesting me to call at at the admiralty the following after-

I obeyed the summons, though not without misgivings. I feared that it while reading a war-story and broke a might portend separation from An-leg."—Judge.

toinette, and I had been so much taken up with her that I had forgotten all about the possible examination and had never once opened my Arabic grammar. Neither did my uneasiness grow less when the under secretary, who was engaged two or three deep, told me that Admiral Jones would like to see me, and bade one of the attendants to take

me to his room. I had heard of Admiral Jones before. He was a junior lord—of the old school -and had the reputation of being hard, choleric and absolute—a little, broadset man with a flery face, bloodshot eyes, and a pig-tail that reached to the small of his back. Not the sort of a man to show any superfluous courtesy to a lieutenant.

"So you know Arabic?" he said, pointing to a chair.

"A little, sir." "How did you learn it?" "From Dr. Joyce, a learned mission-

ary, while we were on a voyage to the East Indies." "How came you to go to the East Indies?

I told him. "Ah, now I think of it, I have heard something of this before. You managed that escape very cleverly, Mr. Roy. A devilish plucky thing, I call it. And now about this Arabic. I arranged with a teacher of languages, an Italian who has lived a good deal in the east, to be here at three o'clock, sharp, and ask you a few questions, just to see whether you are competent to act as



"THAT YOU LOVE ME."

now!" (looking at his watch). I broke into a cold sweat. After the admiral had asked me a question or two about my previous services and my voyage in the Mercia,

an interpreter. Gad! it is past the time

he looked at his watch again. "Damn the fellow!" he growled. "More than ten minutes after his time; and he knows how busy I am. I told him when he called yesterday and left these books. Gad! I'll examine you myself. What book is this?"

I had no difficulty in telling him. It was a book which Dr. Joyce had often | to the depot to meet the noon train. read with us-the Koran.

I could not quite make it out: I never had seen it before; but I made a bold

"The Thousand and One Nights." "Humph! You seem to read well enough. And now take this sheet of paper, and write down in Arabic: 'The man who makes an appointment and does not keep it is a damned son of a gun, and it would serve Poggi right to give him a round dozen for his want of punctuality." I could no more write this extraor-

but I had fortunately learned the Arabic alphabet, so I took a pen and wrote every letter of it, finishing up with a few hieroglyphics of my own in-"You will do," said the admiral, almost respectfully, as he glanced with

dinary sentence in Arabic than in Irish,

puzzled eyes at the paper. "You can read at sight and write to dictation. Damme if I thought you were half as clever. Do you know any other lan-"I know French almost as well as

English, and some Hindustani." "The devil you do! Gad! I wish I did! Well, you are promoted to commander, and will commission the Kangaroo, six-gun brig. She is ready for sea, and you must report yourself at Portsmouth and hoist your pennant not later than next Thursday." Here the door opened and an at-

tendant announced Dr. Poggi, a little man with a Jewish cast of countenance, who came bowing and scraping into the

"You are too late, doctor. I have examined the gentleman myself." "I beg your pardon, admiral. I an very sorry. I took a wrong turn and missed my way, and did not discover

my mistake till-" "You should not take a wrong turn. my mother proposed to pay them a visit | You should not miss your way. When a man makes an appointment he ought de Gex, after repeating her thanks for to keep it. Your fee was to be two guineas. You have not carned it, and you won't get it. Here are your books. Good day, sir. You will receive official notification of your appointment, Mr. Roy. Thursday morning, remember."

"I shall not forget it, sir." And then, to my surprise, the admiral offered me his hand, which I respectful-

Hurrying after the discomfitted teacher of languages, I overtook him in the street. "You have done me a greater service than you are aware of. Let me be your paymaster," I said, putting into his hand a couple of guineas.

A stare of blank surprise was quickly followed by a look of keen intelligence; then, with a muttered "Thank you," he dropped the money into his pocket and shambled off.

It was more than in my wildest dreams I had dared to hope for. Promotion, a ship of my own, an expedition in which there would doubtless be hard fighting, chances of prize-money and further advancement! And to think that I owed it all to a bit of Arabic learned from an old missionary, and the failure of that shambling Italian to keep an appointment!

Even the necessity of leaving Antoinette did not seem much of a drawback. If I returned a post-captain (as of course I should), I would marry her first and look for the treasure afterwards. Having come to this resolution, I hied me to Fleur-de-Lys court to say good-by. As I should have to start for Portsmouth early next morning, and my preparations were still to make I had no time to lose.

ITO BE CONTINUED. Ought to Have a Pension "What ground has Dumley for asking

"He fell out of a second-story window

HE WOULDN'T EAT BUTTER. It Was the Landlord's Only Luxury,

Hotel keepin' pay?" "Well, yes, sorter. Heap er trouble tached to it though."

hit viciously into a twist of homespun

"No, they don't kick 'bout the price, but ther always a-wantin' somethin' extra though. Now, that chap et come in on the ten-thirty last night kicked cos he couldn't get a room to hisself with a stove in it. Said the fire in the fireplace burned his shins while his back was freezin'.

"Kicked cos the winder wouldn't shet tight, hadter have a clean towel and said he'd be durned if he was gwine to use soft soap. Then he raised Cain cos ther want split fire clean piller slips and sheets on the bed.

"He kept me en Sam on the trot for an hour, en then couldn't satisfy him. He jest sat in a chair and cust like a pirut. "This mornin' he kim dowd to break-

fust lookin' like he'd tuck a dost of persimmons afore the frost teched em, en tuuk he's seat. "The fust thing he ast fer was a napkin. I tole him we was jest out of napkins, but jes make hissef ter home an

wipe his mouth on the table cloth.

Sam fotched him his coffee. "'Cup er koker, please; I cant't drink coffee,' says he, sorter snappin' like. "Termorer's our koker day,' says I 'Try some poke en co'n bread; it's powerful good these cold mornin's.' "'Thanks,' says he, but he didn't

tech 'em. " 'Let me have a couple er rolls en er cup er tea,' says he ter Sam. "Sassafack tea or sto' tea,' says Sam. " 'Sto' tea.'

"Black or green?" "'Either will do,' says he. "'Haint got enny,' says Sam. "'Gimme the other kind, then,' says

"'Haint got enny of that either, boss. " 'Well, the rolls en a glass er water." "'Ther's biskit, sah, better'n rolls,"

savs Sam. "Well, the blamed fool groaned jest for all the worl' like he was a gettin' religion.

"Then he tuck a biskit, en pintin' ter the butter, says: "'Pass me the smearcase, please." "Sam had ter explain ter him that

twas butter, fresh country butter. Then he wouldn't have it. "I was thet mad thet if it hadn't bin fer fear I'd hurt the repytation of the house, I'd a tuck an' frailed him right

"Whad I charge him? "Dollarn quartah fer bed an' breakfast." And with a sigh for man's inhumanity to man the landlord arose from his split-bottomed chair and sauntered N. Y. Herald.

THE PHOPOPHORE.

The Sending of Simultaneous Messages on One Wire. To be told that a telegraph wire which is busily transmitting a long message can at the same time be made to convey half a dozen other messages in opposite directions sounds like a fairy tale, but that the thing has been done and is daily being done is attested upon the most respectable authority. The discovery which renders these astonishing results possible is due to C. Langdon-Davies, who has for some years been engaged in rendering it practically workable and in adapting it alike to telephonic and telgraphic

It is difficult to convey to the lay mind an accurate comprehension of a process so exceedingly technical; but it may briefly be said that Langdon-Davies in the "phonophore" utilizes not the electric current but the noise caused by induction. The signals are transmitted by a series of induced electric impulse, and the success of the system is found in the ability of the inductive force to pass through insulations which electric currents can not penetrate. A wire may be blown down and in contact with the earth, yet so long as it is not broken it will carry a phonophoric message.

By means of the phonophore messages can be transmitted with extraordinary rapidity, and there is practically no limit to the number of messages that can be sent simultaneously upon the same wire. And, as we hinted, Mr. Langdon-Davies' system is as useful telephonically as it is telegraphically. A wire which is conveying electric signals can at the same time be used for telephonic conversation without either ature will be sent to those applying to the message or the conversation suffer | the secretary. ing in the least.

For some considerable time past experiments in both directions have been proceeding with most gratifying results, which are vouched for by such high authorities as Prof. Sylvanus Thompson, Conrad Cooke and Latimer Clark. Three of the principal railway companies have already adopted the phonophore, and it must be obvious, even to the unscientific mind, that phonophoric telegraphy and telephony, which so vastly increased the electrician's power over the wires, has be-

fore it a very great future. The phonophore, indeed, increases almost to infinity the number of words that can be transmitted in a given time. It is obvious, therefore, that it opens great possibilities in the way of cheapening the cost of telegrams. So long as the number of words that could be carried by a wire in an hour was rigidly limited it was hopeless to look for any substantial reduction in the cost of telegraphing, but the phonophore at once increases the capacity and speed of every wire to which it may be fitted.

Price He Paid for Peace. Husband (impatiently)-Is it possible, my dear, that you can not keep those children quiet for a moment?; Wife (soothingly)-Now, John, don't

things; it is natural for them to be full of spirits, and they're doing the best

be harsh with the poor little innocent

Wife (sternly)-Children, upstairs at onee! If I hear another word from you to-night I'll punish you severely.

He-I beg your pardon-might I ask

She-Smith He-Would not you like to change it? She-Yes; what is yours? He-Smith,-Life

"Drummers perticklar?"

"Yes, dem 'em, they be."

The landlord of the Southern hotel Difficulty of Devising Laws to Suit Ev. erybody.

> Tax Reformers Make Converts.

Representative Buffalo Business Men Interested.

A Worker in Buffalo.

The idea seems to be gaining groun that the defects and inequalities that exist in the present tax laws of the state of New York are matter of serious import. The operation of a law providing for the taxation of corporations has driven many New York manufactories out of the state, some of which have transferred their business to the state of New Jersey. Many of the more recent New York corporations have incorporated under the more friendly laws of Pennsylvania, Virginia, West Virginia and other states. Under a resolution of the last legislature Senators McClelland, Ahearn and Coggeshall and Assemblymen Quigley, Guenther, Cassin, Stranahan and Gifford were appointed a commission to examine into the present tax laws and report to the next legislature either proposed new laws or modifications of existing statutes to equalize the burdens of taxation.

Under the laws of 1892, Hon. J. Newton Fiero, president of the state bar association, and Prof. Charles A. Collin, of Cornell university law school were appointed counsel to investigate the tax laws of this and other states and report to the next legislature with recommendations for the improvement of the tax laws. They have been busily engaged in their work during the vacation season. The commission will meet as soon as election is over and propositions for the remedy of existing tax laws will be submitted. The commission will give hearings on various propositions before drafting the bills. All this is the result of the work of the

New York Tax Reform association. It may appear somewhat strange that Mr. George, the famous writer and advocate of a single tax on land values, has received and accepted an invitation tion, to deliver an address before the second congress of that body in Music Hall, October 5. Mr. George will certainly run counter to ideas which can

not be expected to give way upon one Few people have time or opportunity to keep track of the "tax reform" bills at each session. At the last session the ciples: "Compromise Listing Bill"-Assembly bill No. 56-which was designed to make the taxation of personal property effect- them whichever way it thinks best. ive, was introduced by a country mem-

Record of February 13, 1892, and other prominent papers published leading editorials denouncing the bill as inquisito- has to pay and what he pays for. association expects that another at- trious. tempt will be made to pass that or a Name..... association are: Bolton Hall, secre-tary; and John Claffin, the great

of well-known individuals and firms that are supporters of the association, among many others, are found Cooper Hewitt & Co., Dood, Mead & Co., F. B. Thurber, George A. Scott, formerly president of the real estate exchange, George R. Read, now president of the George R. Read, now president of the real estate exchange, R. H. L. Townsend, Spencer Aldrich, Henry A. Hurkbut, Henry E. Howland, Smith Ely, William Steinway, Thomas G. Shearman and Hugh N. Camp. The platform man and Hugh N. Camp. The platform Reform association does this work for of the association is well known: liter-The association is not content with

fighting what it deems bad legislation when it comes up, but is busily engaged is making proselytes to its faith and on the ground that they were both setting farmers and business men thinking over the proper solution of the question of just and equitable taxation. The association has published a book, "Who Pays Your Taxes?" by David A. Wells, George H. Andrews, Thomas G. Shearman, Julien T. Davies, Bolton Hall and others. Opposite the title page is a cut representing several men engaged in boring into the limbs of a maple tree and hanging buckets to catch the sap therefrom, although the trunk of the tree has been tapped near the ground. The sap obtained from the tree is "revenue." The trunk is "real estate." The limbs are called "wages," "polls," "personal property," "in-comes," "mortgages," "business capiand two particularly large branches are "production" and "manu-

Ernest J. Foord, a representative of the Association, has been at work among Buffalo business men, with considerable success, since the adjourn-ment of the legislature. Representative business men and firms, wholesale and retail merchants, bankers and manufacturers of the city have signed their names to the membership roll and declaration of principles of the order, including Barnes, Hengerer & Co., Howard Iron works, the late F. H. Port in the late F. H. Port in the late of the late F. H. Port in the late of t Husband—Well, if I could have a moment's peace I would sit down and write that check you've been bothering me for.

and iron works, the late F. H. Root, the late William Hall of the Bell Telephone was fishing. "I think so, too," and others. Mr. Foord said yesterday an hour and can't get one to be concerning the association and its ard iron works, the late F. H. Root, the late William Hall of the Bell Telephone

> "The membership is extending to a parts of the state, and similar, the independent, associations are organic ing in Baltimore, Maryland, Scrantor Pa.; Portland, Ore., Toronto, Canad and other cities. In the winters leet are given to New York farmers to ge the idea of taxing personal propert out of their heads. It is only the farm er's lack of information that cause

ner. It exists for the purpose batting bad tax legislation and ing in the interest of good legisla "Will a bill be introduced taxation of real estate only? Mr. I

"We want to educate the people," answered, "and then leave the interduction of any bill for taxation to the good sense. We want to forestell in legislation. It is easier and better to this than to bring about the reper of a bad law. Many people have a given much thought to the subject taxation. They say if the tax ware a real estate only, some would totall escape bearing their just share of the burden. As a matter of fact, every body has to use real estate, and when tenant pays his rent he is necessarily

body has to use real estate, and when the tenant pays his rent he is necessarily paying his proportion of tax, which has been added to the rent by the landowner, who has paid his tax.

"In regard to the relationship of tax-ation to personalty and real estate, respectively, the reflection of the value that the public, or population, gives to real estate is clear. For instance, we will say a merchant has a barrel of flour for sale, for say \$5, which repreflour for sale, for say \$5, which represents personalty, and another has piece of real estate for sale. Now, to-morrow the population of Buffalo were increased 300,000, or just double the present figure, the man who held the real estate could sell his property for about double, or more than double, its former value, but the merchant with the barrel of flour could not for that reason sell his product for a nickel more than before. This shows a distinct reflection of value that the population, or the public, gives to real estate, and if it thus confers so large a proportion of value, it most certainly, in order to square the account, should pay back to the public that has conferred the value something in return.

"The reason for this difference is that the supply of personal property can be increased indefinitely as the demand increases, while the increased facilities afforded by improvements in the arts of production and the growth and concentration of population tend to reduce the cost of production. But as real tate must be partly land, the supply is nearly fixed, and an increased demand means, of course, increased value."
"How are funds secured to keep the

association in existence?" "In Buffalo and New York some of the members are very wealthy men, and they give according to their

Mr. Foord spoke of the evil effects of the New York corporation tax laws, and the personalty law in Ohio, which, according to the business men of Cincinnati, has driven much capital and business out of the state to be invested elsewhere Michigan also has a law that makes it almo mpossible to borrow money in Detrol California has a law that has caused s collection of some of the most absurd census certificates ever heard of.

The association is circulating petitions, to which many response ing received. It is as follows:

A BUSINESS LAW. The undersigned respectfully request their representatives to vote for a law that are introduced in the legislature in accordance with the following prin-1. This county should bear its fair

burden of the taxes, and should collect 2. Stocks of merchandise, he ber. The provisions of this bill at once furniture, money owing or used in businessed a storm of indignation, and the ness, should not be taxed, because hon-New York Tax Reform association com-batted it. The Brooklyn Review and encouraged, not discouraged.

3. The consumers pay the taxes, and every one should know how much he rial and promotive of perjury.

The Compromise Listing bill failed of passage, but the New York Tax Reform dodged and are least hard on the indus-

If you are interested in taxation, dry goods merchant, treasurer. The secretary's office is at No. 111 Broadway. In the list of about thirty names of well-known individuals and firms way, New York Charles F. Dunbar, who is one of the

members of the association, recently time or inclination to watch all the va-

them."-Buffalo Courier. -The following story is told of the late Gen. C. B. Fisk: A very seedy when it comes up, but is busily engaged in the interior counties of the state. It his office and laid claim to his charity.

> "I see you are a Methodist. You have the marks. You wore out you trousers at the knees praying, a you wore them out behind backs ing." -Hostess (who has just sat upon the count's hat)—"Oh, count, what hadone! Will you ever forgive me?"
> Count—"Forgeef, ma'moiselle, forg Ah! ze gain it ees mine, for my fr haf zey not told me it ees in zees er try ze fashion to haf ze belle on me b

eral, after looking at him for a me

-Raymond's Monthly. -"I know, Marie," he m think every child shows in some in what calling it is most likely to ceed in after years. Do you think then we'd better make a real or man of our Willie. I can't keep

lar yachtsman's timepiece," said

-Briggs-I thought the milived next door to the church? —He did; but the bell woke him early in the morning that he

umbrella over there? I Driver-What do you a' -tryin' to fiirt with